

LITERARY NEWS and CRITICISM

Some Curious Gossip About Napoleon III and His Time.

INTIMATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON III. Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor. By the late Baron d'Ambès. Edited and translated by A. R. Allinson, M. A. With illustrations from the collection of A. M. Broadley. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. 401, 425. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a queer, scrappy book, the value of which would be more apparent if its origin were a little less obscure. The translator assures us that it "supplies an enormous mass of first-hand material for a survey and study

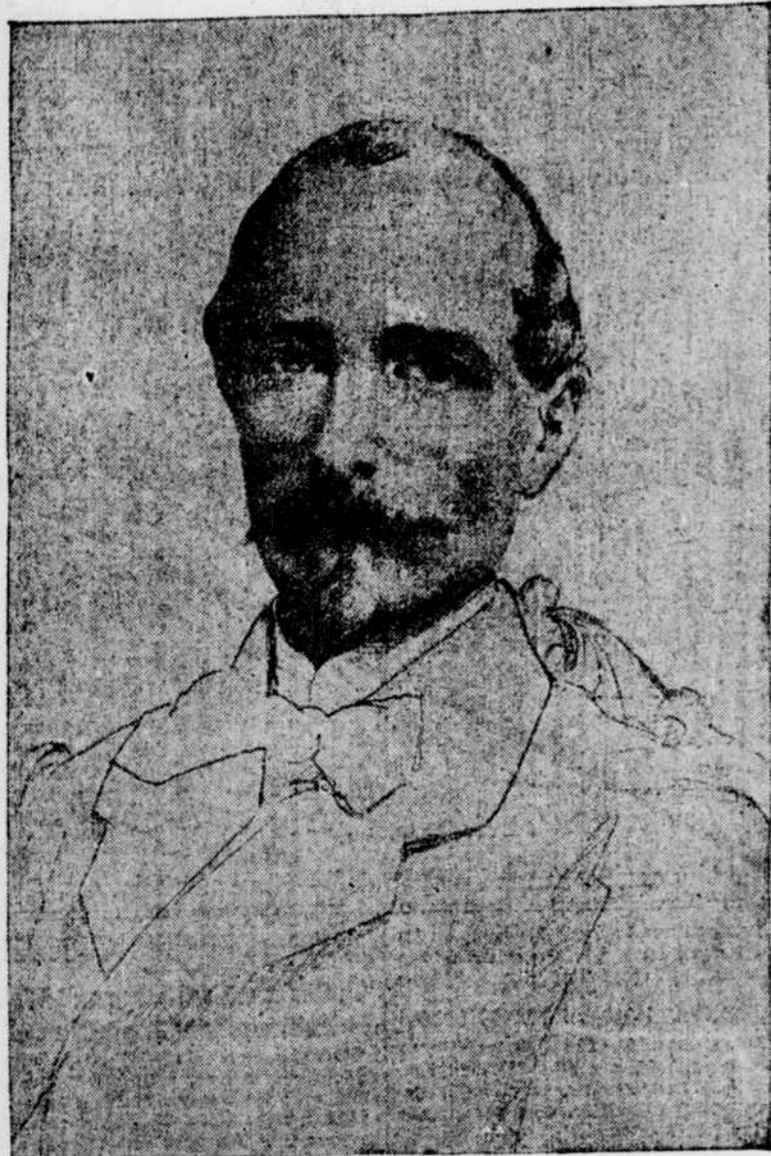
erected things, may wait. It is better to take for what it is worth, out of the chapter leading up to the prince's election as president of the republic, an anecdote like this:

The prince told us, Granier de Cassagnac and myself, a very interesting story. Dining one evening with Thiers and Molière, the little man with the spectacles said to Louis Napoleon:

"We are persuaded of your triumph. You are going to be elected. Shall I give you a piece of advice in case, as is probable, the votes raise you to the Presidency?"

"Go on, by all means," smiled the prince, well used to the historian's little ways.

"Well, considering the tendencies of modern society, we consider, Molière and I,



NAPOLEON III.

(From the portrait by Viger in "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.")

of the life and character of one of the most enigmatic figures in modern history." But when we come to examine into the authority of this work we find the French editors of the manuscript saying: "For our present purpose we designate the author of these pages the Baron d'Ambès—a pseudonym that is, indeed, sufficiently obvious, the person who put this memorial in our hands having asked us to observe this much reticence for reasons which it does not behoove us to guess." For the authors of this bland declaration it may be that the pseudonymity of the baron "in no wise diminishes the absorbing interest of these confidential papers," but it certainly puts the disinterested reader in a skeptical mood—which is only confirmed by the general character of the book itself. The latter opens with a chapter of some twenty pages on the paternity of Louis Napoleon, and this clearly stamps the writer as far more the scandal-monger than the historian. We get another and even more conclusive taste of his quality a little later on in the first volume, when he has occasion to treat of the prince's exile in Switzerland, and speaks of an intrigue involving a certain peasant girl. "I could really be of some use to the prince in this pretty rustic idyll of his," he says, "carrying love letters between him and his fair one." For the exercise of such functions the baron was doubtless well equipped, but this does not incline us to take him very seriously as a commentator on historical events. Taking him lightly, on the other hand, as a casual gossip, he is not unamusing.

Whether he gathered his material at "first hand" or not, whether he watched French political developments and the men who determined them with his own eyes or studied them in books and newspapers, he puts together a plausible narrative and enlivens it with a plentiful supply of anecdotes. Take, for example, the sayings of Napoleon III, not infrequently cited here. They are, after all, sufficiently "in character." "You see, in life each man knows victory in his turn. . . . We are playing a game for high stakes, the Bourbons and I. . . . For a moment they have a good lead. . . . But I am making points, too, and little by little catching them up." This was in 1855. Three years later the baron claims to have heard this colloquy between Louis Napoleon and Amédée Thierry, who was urging the prince to write the life of Napoleon I:

"Later on," he replied, "before writing his history, I must finish my work." "Why begin the First Empire over again?" questioned the historian.

"My uncle was Caesar," said the prince with a smile. "I will be Augustus."

It is the sanguine adventurer to the life, and as Louis Napoleon has long been familiar in that role we find the foregoing passage, and others like it, convincing enough. The baron is none the less readable, either, for the subtly romantic touch with which he hits off some of his vignettes, and, in fact, we are almost, if not quite, disposed to accept his aid in the study of the "enigmatic" figure of Mr. Allinson's preface. But somehow confidence relaxes, and we go on merely to be amused. Questions of character, and of other high

that you must cut off your mustache. If he or I were elected, that's what we should do."

"Oh! no, no! Let us all three keep our mustaches!" replied the prince, bursting into a great laugh.

In one way, whether intentional or not, this *starcito* narrative conveys an interesting and lifelike impression of its subject. It follows in its style and tone the prevailing note of the career of Louis Napoleon, which was a strange, disordered, specious affair. Some observers said at the time, and most readers have come to feel since, that its sorry conclusion was prefigured all along upon the surface of things. Such a career was too feverish to be stable. The baron makes great play around "the prisoner of Ham" and is modestly thrilling over the escape. It is no fault of his, if, forthwith, he has to chronicle his prince's levity in London. The future Emperor "divides his time between study and the turf," and, incidentally, his father having conveniently left him a fortune, he buys a house in Berkeley street for his friend, Miss Howard. That was all very like the man of adventure, fixing his eye upon a throne, but enjoying himself by the way according to his none too royal tastes. Politically, as in other ways, he lived from hand to mouth. The baron seems to have prided himself on being an open-minded man and clear-eyed into the bargain. He writes as one having no illusions. Still, he professes admiration and respect as well as affection, for his master, and it is odd, therefore, that his portrait of the latter should possess, on the whole, very little dignity.

Carrying his story down to 1870, he has something to say, of course, about the war, but nothing of any consequence. On events, as on personalities, he is entertaining rather than weighty. One story of the terrible year we may repeat. "I was present this morning," he says, "at a scene never to be forgotten. I was on the knife-board of an omnibus. Everybody was speaking at once. There was only one subject of conversation. A gentleman said: 'The war! Supposing it was to end in a defeat for France?' There was but one shout: they seized the man and threw him from the top of the moving omnibus on to the pavement. I can quite believe it killed him." With this we may take leave of the baron's "actualities." But if we cannot commend him to the reader as an historian of the Second Empire, we gladly admit that his miscellaneous anecdotes are worth while. "I pick up all I hear," he says, and over and over again he picks up a striking tale. From an old man who had known Isabey, the painter, he obtained the following anecdote of the Revolution:

One day in winter, at the height of the Terror, a short time after the death of Marie Antoinette, as Isabey, who was still a young man, was musing in his rooms, filled with horror at those dreadful times, two cautious knocks sounded on his door. He was warning his fingers at the stove before setting to work, for it was early in the morning.

"Come in," said he in surprise and some anxiety.

The door opened, and a woman enveloped in a black cloak entered. Isabey trembled.

"You are Isabey, the painter?" asked the unknown lady.

"Yes, madam; what do you desire?"

"I want you to paint my portrait." "I am at your service, madam." "Yes, but now, at once." "The deuce! Are you in such a hurry as all that?" "It is not I who am in a hurry, but the guillotine. I am on the list of suspects. I shall certainly be condemned to-morrow. I have children. I want to leave them my portrait. Will you take it at once?" Isabey accented, and made a rapid sketch, on a bit of paper, the unknown lady told him, took the portrait and disappeared, never to be seen by him again, leaving the painter filled with indescribable emotion.

DARKEST ENGLAND

Glimpses of London's Inferno and Its Denizens.

LONDON'S UNDERWORLD. By Thomas Holmes. 8vo, pp. vii, 256. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Holmes writes with the authority of exhaustive knowledge won by long service as court missionary in London and later as secretary of the Howard Mission, whose work lies among discharged convicts. In this book, which is a nightmare of unflinching facts, he visits the slums of the capital of the world from top to bottom, by day and by night. He classifies their inhabitants, voluntary and of necessity, ranging from the industrious and honest, who with heroic courage keep up the struggle against starvation, to the dregs and jetsam that cannot be helped, or will not; to the mentally or physically defective, the spineless, the shiftless, the idlers and vagabonds, the vicious and criminal.

He pays special attention to the puzzle of the derelicts who come drifting downward from better social circles until they reach the bottom, content to stay there. He has known many of them well, and confesses that the fundamental cause of their failure has remained a mystery to him:

Many were decent and good-hearted fellows; yet they were outcasts. Others were intelligent, clever and even industrious, quite capable of holding their own with respectable men, yet they were helpless. Others were fastidiously honest in some things, yet they were persistent rogues. Many of them were clear-headed in ninety-nine directions, but in the hundredth they were muddled. If not mentally blind.

No! it is not drink, for generally they were sober men. I will own my ignorance. This I do know: that but for the possession of a little something many of my friends, now homeless, said when they are in prison, would be performing life's duties in settled and comfortable homes.

Delicately nurtured women sink slowly into this slough of despond, occasionally through their own initial fault, but oftentimes through the loss of the bread-winner. It is the women, indeed, who bear the heaviest burden of all, whether it be the wives of unskilled laborers, contriving, helping, scraping, saving to keep the home together, or the widows and daughters cast unprotected and unprepared on the mercies of the economic system that has evolved sweatshop labor. And always the poor pay more for the necessities of life than do those above them. The profits paid by slum real estate, as Mr. Holmes calculates them, are scandalous. The rent must always be paid—and in advance—that is an axiom ground into the minds of the poor. So it must come, if necessary—and it nearly always is necessary—out of their expenditure for food. Clothes come last. One can do justice to the significance of this book in a review only by constant quotation:

But they refuse to die, and I have not yet discovered the point at which life ebbs out for lack of food, for when underworld folk die of starvation we are comforted by the assurance that they died of "natural causes." . . . That is the euphonious name given by intelligent juries to starvation, when inquests are held in the underworld. Herein is a mystery: in the land of plenty, where granaries, depots, warehouses are full to repletion, and whose countless ships are traversing every ocean, bringing the food and fruits of the earth to its shores, starvation is held to be a natural cause of death.

The author sees the philosophy of the "nomads," of those who give up, who do not even try, who live on the free soup and bread they can get by standing in line, who sleep "out" and therefore are free from the burden of the weekly rent, who get their rags where they can and beg or steal in a small way to secure a night's lodging in some "doss house" in the inclement season.

The book is a social indictment, but it is also a collection of individual cases even better calculated to bring home to the reader his personal share of responsibility for collective socio-economic evils. And withal the author makes us understand his admiration of the marvellous optimism, the courage, the endurance, the indefatigable persistence of the industrious poor, especially of their wives and mothers. The price they pay, the sacrifices they make, are wasted, for their children are forced to follow in their footsteps; only a few emerge and mount to better things. State and Church even aid them in handicapping themselves at the beginning of life by affording them every facility for the concluding of early, reckless, improvident marriages. So says Mr. Holmes.

The cure? He knows of none. His experience and reflection have shown him no royal way out. This he knows, however: that all the organized efforts now being made persist in dealing with the symptoms, while letting the causes do their work unchecked. He considers the shelters established by the Salvation Army, on which such high hopes were built, as futile. No permanent or increasing results can be traced to them, he asserts. The suggestions he offers at the end for the gradual amelioration of a hopeless state of affairs are practical and to the point. Collectively much can be done—the world is awakening to its duty—but always there will be a point where treatment in the mass will have to be dropped and the individual dealt with, and here will be found the minimum that is irreducible. The book has been written chiefly for Englishmen; it contains its lesson for all civilization.

A GOOD SHORT STORY.

It is stated by her publishers that Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Tante" has been sent to press for its sixth large printing. This is pleasant news. We like to hear that so clever a novel as this one is meeting with appreciation. And, apropos, we call attention to the author's tale "The White Pagoda," in the current number of "The Century." It is one of the best short stories we have read in a long time.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

A Many-Sided Survey of Thirty Years.

THE NEW IMMIGRATION. A Study of the Industrial and Social Life of South-eastern Europeans in America. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. xxi, 336. The Macmillan Company.

A generation has elapsed since our immigration shifted from Northwestern to Southeastern Europe. The change brought with it many questions, many problems, many misgivings, which the older immigration had not raised, or at least had raised only to settle and solve them in a manner altogether reassuring to native America. It is different with this "new immigration." The questions, the problems, above all else the misgivings have persisted, and have been intensified as the stream kept increasing in volume, but not in quality. The process of assimilation, of Americanization, so facile and swift in the case of Scotch and Welsh and Irish, of German and Scandinavian, has proved far more difficult, has been retarded more and more, the backward if not inferior newcomers being doubly handicapped by their ignorance of our tongue and our ways, their overwhelming lack of training, and by economic conditions far more complicated and difficult than those awaiting the earlier comers in a country commercially and industrially still in its infancy.

The problem of this new immigration is more to the fore at this moment than ever before. The country demands a firm, wise, enlightened policy concerning its future management. The writer of the book here under discussion even goes so far as to assert that it is no longer an American, but has become an international problem, in which the countries of the immigrants' origin are almost as much concerned as this, the country of their destination. As a general survey of the whole complex matter Mr. Roberts' book is a model of clear and thorough condensation. It touches on every phase of the subject, emphasizing the salient points, and it does not lack the note of human interest. Mr. Roberts, indeed, is an optimist concerning the social and economic qualities of the new immigration, which, he holds, needs chiefly systematic direction and sympathetic treatment to make it a useful asset to the country. We need its strength, he says in substance; we need it for those humbler forms of labor which the native will not perform. Therefore, it will be to our own interest to raise its level, social and moral, educational as well as productive, to its maximum, and one of the best means to bring about this result, he holds, is for the native to lay aside his contemptuous aloofness and help along, each according to his opportunity.

A library of books has been written on the subject of the new immigration during the last ten years or so. The substance of what these studies contain will be found in Mr. Roberts' book—enough to give the average American a good working conception of the whole problem as it concerns him and the nation's welfare. The author offers no solution; he merely makes recommendations by the way.

THE CANAL

A Useful Collection of Clever Pictures.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL. Reproductions of a series of lithographs made by him on the isthmus of Panama, January-March, 1912, together with impressions and notes by the artist. 4to, pp. 12, xviii. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

In his long career as an illustrator Mr. Pennell has never done anything better than these drawings, if, indeed, he has done work quite so good. The only sketches of his which we recall as making anything like the same strong appeal are those which he etched and drew with the pen for Mr. Howells's papers of Italian travel years ago. The mass of drawings he has produced in the interim has included many sparkling and even brilliant pieces, but it has included also a great deal of what Mr. Howard Walker, the architect, in speaking of Mr. Pennell recently, called "ragtime sketching." It was the charm of the old Italian pictures that his technical virtuosity was subordinated in them to the solid substance of his material. His buildings were not so many glittering "effects," but works of architecture, soundly portrayed. Now, on the isthmus of Panama, he has brought his best draftsmanship to bear upon a subject that is in itself in the grand style, and the result is an interesting and valuable performance.

It was a right instinct that led the artist to set down his impressions in terms of lithography rather than in those of pure black and white. The occasion was one for the cool statement of fact rather than for the dazzling expression of mere picturesqueness. "I was after picturesqueness," says Mr. Pennell, but it is a testimony to the dominating force of the great spectacle presented by the canal works that in all these drawings the quality that the draftsman was "after" seems really to have been left to take care of itself. It pervades them, when it is there, with the naturalness of truth. Nothing is forced. Nowhere is there any facetious play of light and shade. Speaking of the guard gate at Gatun, Mr. Pennell says: "I have never seen such a magnificent arrangement of line, light and mass, and yet those were the last things the engineers thought of." We can pay no higher compliment to his drawing of this gate than to say that it might have been done from the artist's point of view of the engineers. We have called these lithographs "impressions," but it would, perhaps, be juster to describe them as records.

The selective faculty which belongs to the artist determined the angle from which this or that subject should be studied, but, having taken his stand and made up his mind what to omit, Mr. Pennell's aim seems simply to have been to note the facts, to give great walls their proper strength and majesty, to let a trestle count as a trestle, no less than as a web of line; to suggest concrete and steel, to bring into

the foreground the rude, practical spirit of the whole gigantic enterprise. Turner might have painted with gusto, when in the full tide of his imaginative powers, the subject which Mr. Pennell found for the lithograph we reproduce, a view, looking toward Culebra, at "the most pictorial as well as the most profound part of the cut." But Mr. Pennell gives us no Turneresque vision of the scene. He makes us feel, instead, the weight and grit of the rocky earth, and almost makes us hear the businesslike snorting and clanking of the locomotive and the steam shovel at work in the vast ditch. Photography has, of course, preserved and is steadily preserving priceless records of the steps taken by the canal builders in their task, but Mr. Pennell's book will take rank apart as a document on the subject. It has, we may add, a peculiar vitality. The artist was really stirred; he admired and intensely enjoyed all that he saw, and his emotion has passed into his work. A lifetime of ease underlies the firmness and breadth of his drawings.

It is a pity that there was not provided for them some other textual accompaniment than the one which Mr. Pennell offers us, some series of descriptive and historical notes written by a well instructed hand, preferably that of one of the engineers. Mr. Pennell's remarks only intermittently illuminate the subject, and they are often petulant and jejune. Alluding to the city of Panama, he says:

If this city were in Spain, or if even a decent description of it were in European guide books, the hordes of Americans who go to the canal would rave over it. As it is, not many of them (not being told ever see it, though there are few towns in Europe with more character. But I regret to say my countrymen don't know what they are looking at, or what to look at, till they have a guide book, courier, or tout to tell them.

Some one on the Canal ought to have told Mr. Pennell that his discovery of the isthmus was antedated, quite a while ago, by several of his benighted countrymen.

CHINA'S FIRST PRESIDENT

His Aspirations, Conspiracies, Dangers and Success.

SUN YAT SEN AND THE AWAKENING OF CHINA. By James Cantlie, M. A., M. B., F. R. C. S., Dean of the College of Medicine, Hong Kong (1889-1896), and C. Sheridan Jones, Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 240. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The theory of the authors of this book, that Sun Yat Sen, the first (provisional) President of the Chinese Republic, is a Man of Destiny, is certainly borne out by its account of his numerous and marvellous escapes from capture during his long career of conspiracy against Manchu rule. The most sensational of his adventures was undoubtedly his kidnapping by the Chinese Ambassador in London in 1896. He was kept captive in the embassy and only rescued at the eleventh hour, when arrangements had been all but completed to send him home as a lunatic. Dr. Cantlie, his old friend at Hong Kong, got wind of the affair through the wife of an English servant of the legation, Scotland Yard, to which he appealed, refused to interfere, but he had better luck at the

and execution, or of assassination for the sake of the prizes set upon his head, which at one time amounted to \$50,000.

This sketch of the reformer's life and work, which stops short of his resignation of the provisional Presidency, is in outline only. The rest of the book is made up of a brief history of Manchu rule and the struggle for its overthrow, and of chapters on "Things Chinese," the fight against opium, and the future of China. The authors are hearty admirers of the Chinese, and unqualified optimists concerning the future of their country and race.

THE STUBBORN MUSE

Three Recent Studies in Philosophy.

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM. By George Herbert Palmer. 12mo, pp. 12, 21. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE REALM OF ENDS: OR, PLURALISM AND THEISM. The Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the Years 1907-10. By James Ward, professor of mental philosophy, Cambridge. 8vo, pp. xv, 40. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BODY AND MIND. A History and a Defence of Animism. By William McDougall, M. B. With thirteen diagrams. 8vo, pp. xix, 333. The Macmillan Company.

Professor Palmer is alert to the complaints of the ungodly against the jargon so often used in metaphysical debate, and he is not disposed to dismiss the protest as the mere envious pouting of a native incapacity for high thinking. If, in his turn, divine philosophy has had to complain of suffering many hands at the hands of amateur interpreters, it must be granted that among her devotees have been sinners who have gone in for cultivating obscurity as an art. Nothing is more displeasing to a pedant than praise of his style; and when Mr. Rivalori is heard saying, "If it is not clear it is not French," some painful pundit is ready to retort, "If it is clear it is not philosophy." Being both a metaphysician and a man of letters, Professor Palmer considers lucidity to be not unfriendly to those worthy qualities of fulness of knowledge, candor of observation and severity of scientific spirit called for in any serious piece of work, and his sympathy goes with Bishop Berkeley's saying that one should "think with the learned and speak with the vulgar."

The discussion of the problem of moral freedom in the present book is marked by the author's characteristic patience in expounding the viewpoint from which he dissents, and his conclusions in favor of "the freedom of the will" are the more effective because of his fearless familiarity with the "determinist" contention.

The sharply contrasted aspects of the universe which lead us to speak of the world of mechanism and the world of morals, the subject-matter of the natural sciences on the one hand and that of the moral sciences, including history, on the other, is reflected in the opposing standpoints of Naturalism and Idealism. The one regards the realm of nature as the prior, fundamental aspect of the world; the other gives the

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.



A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill

The new book by ALICE HEGAN Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—and a great book, her best.

There are some very quaint but very human folk in the book. There is a wealth of sunny humor. There are exquisite touches of delicate pathos.

An irresistible combination of Cabbage Patch philosophy and high romance.

Delightful illustrations. Price \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

THE CENTURY CO.

think of God as being at once transcendent and immanent in his world.

As generally used, the word Animism stands for the primitive idea that all natural objects which seem to exert any power or influence are moved or animated by "spirits" or intelligent, purposive beings; but Mr. McDougall feels justified in applying the term to the refined doctrine historically continuous with the primitive notion—the doctrine, namely, of the soul as a unitary and individual being and of a nature different from that of the body. It takes temerity to hold a thesis upon which modern science and philosophy have turned their backs with constantly increasing decision. "Souls are out of fashion," a psychologist said not long ago when describing a tendency he himself deplored. Mr. McDougall would ascribe the feebleness of faith about the soul to a temporary triumph of materialism; and he is concerned lest under the spell of "scientific" mechanistic dogmas the belief in any form of life after the death of the body should continue rapidly to decline among all civilized peoples. Every vigorous nation seems to have possessed a belief in the persistence of human personality, and the loss of it has accompanied the decay of national vigor in many instances. The author's effort to have the soul taken seriously as a scientific hypothesis involves a brilliant review of the history of Animism from primitive ages to the present time, and of the attacks upon it from the sides of metaphysics, epistemology and the natural sciences.

GOSSAMER WINGS

A Book of Nature's Fragile Beauty.

MOTHS OF THE LIMBERLOST. With water-color and photographic illustrations from life. By Gene Stratton-Porter. 8vo, pp. xiv, 370. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Proclaiming herself a lover of Nature, not a naturalist, an amateur, not a scientist, Mrs. Porter yet offers us here a book that will prove of value to entomologists in the patient minuteness of its observations and the clarity with which their results are reported. As for her fellow nature lovers, they will delight in these pages, in their loving enthusiasms, their glow of admiration for the ways of life of these lepidoptera, which, in the struggle for existence, have found the road to beauty of coloring and to infinite, ever-changing grace of form and motion.

The Limberlost has been a world in little to the author since her childhood. It was as a child that she first entered its abundant realm of winged insects, to return to it with more set purpose via "love's meyn," to quote Ruskin's tenderly imaginative description of the world of birds:

I never thought the birds could have rival in my heart. But these fragile night wanderers, these moon-flowers of June's darkness, literally "trust themselves upon me." When my cameras were placed before the home of a pair of birds, the bushes parted to admit light, and clinging to them I found a creature, often having the bird's sweep of wing, of color pale green with decorations of lavender and yellow, or running the gamut from palest tans to darkest browns, with markings of pink or dozens of other irresistible combinations of colors, the feathered folk found a competitor that often out-distanced them in my affections.

The Limberlost has been conquered. Its woods and lakes and swamps have been reclaimed and turned into fertile farms, but patches of it still remain, and in them Mrs. Porter still continues her studies. The vividness of color of her illustrations, their velvety richness, she explains, is due to their being copied from moths fresh from the cocoon, for, once exposed to light, they soon fade almost beyond recognition. Hence the striking difference between these plates and those of the average moth book, which are generally reproduced from mounted specimens. It is only fair to author and reader to emphasize the fact that this is not merely still another nature book. It has a charm of its own, an enthusiasm that is contagious.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

READ! MONTGOMERY'S NEW BOOK CHRONICLES OF AVONC-A

By the author of "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," Etc. Of which over 300,000 copies have been sold. Net \$1.25. Postpaid \$1.40.

THE INITIATIVE. THE REFERENDUM. THE RECALL. AS INSTRUMENTS OF DEMOCRACY. By Delos F. Wilcox. A skillful exposition in GOVERNMENT FOR ALL THE PEOPLE. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.65. THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 61-66 5th Ave., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS & PRINTS IN EUROPE.

"A LITTLE OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS" WRITE ME, can get you any book ever published on any subject. The most expert book finder extant. When in England call and see my 600,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham.



THE CUT-LOOKING TOWARD CULEBRA.

(From an illustration in "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Panama Canal.")

Foreign Office. Lord Salisbury peremptorily demanded the release of the revolutionist.

Sun Yat Sen was born in 1867 in a remote village in the province of Kwang-tung, some thirty miles south of Hong Kong. His father was a Christian convert and the local agent of the London Missionary Society. The boy was well taught in English by an English woman connected with the mission, and at the age of eighteen became attached to the hospital of the Anglo-American Mission in Canton. Here he became interested in medicine and surgery, beginning his studies for a degree two years later at the College of Medicine just established in Hong Kong by Dr. Cantlie. In 1892 he received his diploma, the first to be conferred by the institution. Sun acted in Macao, on Portuguese territory, attaching himself to the Chinese private hospital there, but was forbidden to practise, as his degree was not a Portuguese one. His connection with the Young Chinese party dates from this period. The story of his propaganda, conspiracies, failures and escapes begins immediately afterward. For many years, from 1895 to 1912, he lived in constant danger of arrest

primacy to the "realm of ends"; as Kant called it, the realm of spiritual initiative. Having made in his "Naturalism and Agnosticism" an impressive contribution to the spiritualistic side of the perennial controversy, Dr. Ward now endeavors to ascertain what we can know or reasonably believe concerning the constitution of the world, interpreted throughout in terms of mind. At the outset this world immediately confronts us as an objective aggregate, in which we discern many minds in mutual interaction. If our experience develops from this "pluralist" view of things, we do not necessarily rest content with the notion of all existence being a multiverse. Some overarching and unifying influence is to be wished for, so that we may have a universe rather than a fortuitous concourse of unrelated forces. The author knows that monistic idealism is ready to resolve our perplexity by subsuming all things in an absolute mind, but he sees that in this view there is risk of losing the world by pantheistic absorption. He prefers the theoretically and practically rational view of Christian theism, a view which may claim our faith while it transcends our knowledge, teaching us as it does to